

FRONTISPIECE.



Dodd del.

Soldier sculp.

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A Blacken'd Consc. was Struck the
Beauteous Maid.*

Published by L. Weinman, N. 241 Fleet Street, Dec. 7. 1780.

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THE

11630.a.57

SEASONS,

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

CONTAINING

SPRING, ||| AUTUMN,
SUMMER, ||| WINTER.

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S P R I N G.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hartford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.



S P R I N G.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hartford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd,
In soft assemblage listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints, when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightful; so that scarce

The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd,
 To shake the sounding marsh, or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.
 At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them
 thin.

Forth fly the tepid airs, and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
 Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow loosen'd from the frost:
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song, and soaring lark.
 Mean-while incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe,
 White thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye soft'ning breezes! blow;
 Ye soft'ning dews! ye tender show'rs! descend;
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
 To wide imperial Rome, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then with unweary'd hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye gen'rous Britons! venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wasts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So, with superior boon, may your rich soil
Exub'rant Nature's better blessings pour
O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming pow'r
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the light dwells
With growing strength and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye:
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd

In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand
 The garden glows, and fills the lib'ral air
 With lavish'd fragrance, while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Bury'd in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 drops

From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk,
 Or taste the smell of dairy, or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta! in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white empurpl'd show'r
 Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew, or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost, before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste;
 For oft engender'd by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies, warp
 Keen in the poison'd breeze, and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
 Their eager way: a feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of Vengeance, on whose course
 Corrosive Famine waits and kills the year.

To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns,
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From ev'ry cranny suffocated falls ;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe ;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ! these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds furcharg'd with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of Heav'n
Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom ;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope, and ev'ry joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the elosing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breath, seem thro' delusive lapse

Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the gen'ral choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade while Heav'n descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy, fir'd, anticipates their growth,
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,
 Till in the western sky the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,

In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
around ;

Full swell the woods ; their ev'ry music wakes,
Mixt in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Mean-time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton ! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white-mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory ; but, amaz'd,
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r
Of botanist to number up their tribes,
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search, or thro' the forest rank,
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.

With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
The lord and not the tyrant of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Mean time the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain
That inly thrilling but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
Was known among those happy sons of Heav'n,
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meekened, and he join'd his fullen joy;
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners,
 whence

The fabling poets took the Golden Age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
 Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
 Is off the poize within. The passions all
 Have burst their bounds, and Reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
 Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry pow'r.
 Ev'n Love itself is bitterness of soul;
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart,
 Or, sunk to sordid int'rest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdainings, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or, in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling,
grows

The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence :
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence in old dusky time a deluge came,
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast,
Till from the centre to the streaming clouds
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have with severer sway
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows, and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms
blush'd.

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temp'rate air ; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage :
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth,
While sickly damps and cold autumnal fogs

Hung not relaxing on the springs of life :
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy tofs'd, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies,
 Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital pow'rs,
 Beyond the search of Art 'tis copious blest'd :
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They, too, are temper'd
 high,

With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast ;
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With ev'ry kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep, while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs
 And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth ; shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heav'n,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks !
 What have ye done ? ye peaceful people ! what,
 To merit death ? you who have giv'n us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,

That harmless, honest, guileless animal !
In what has he offended ? He whose toil,
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed,
And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour ? Thus, the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest ; but 'tis enough
In this late age, advent'rous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage :
High Heav'n forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whit'ning, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod, fine tap'ring with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare ;
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds,
Which by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er either bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills

And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly,
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game,
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook ;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heav'n,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw : but should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft' attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear :
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desp'rate takes the death
With sullen plunge : at once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,

And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And, to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate hours ; but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scatt'ring clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor thro' the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lilly of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade ;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash
Hung o'er the steep ; whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk
High in the beetling cliff his ærie builds :
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye ;
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,
Sooth ev'ry guilt of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature ? Can Imagination boast,

Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows ? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah ! what shall language do ? ah ! where find words
Ting'd with so many colours, and whose pow'r,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Yet, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths ! whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
And thou, Amanda ! come, pride of my song ;
Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself !
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart ;
Oh, come ! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flow'rs to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets.

See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads. See how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans : Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul,
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flow'rs,

The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye :
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend ; around, athwart,
Thro' the soft air the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft with bolder wing they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze the hurried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bow'ry walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps,
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flower's,
Fair-handed Spring unbores ev'ry grace ;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus, of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wall-flow'r, stain'd with iron brown ;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies ; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays

Her idle freaks ; ' from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust
The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes ;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, show'r'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
Of Heav'n and Earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a master-hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew :
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes :
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By win't'ry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innum'rous-colour'd scene of things.

As, rising from the vegetable world,
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse ! And hark ! how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh ! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my vary'd verse ! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The sympathy of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled ; but no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of Morn ;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes ; when list'ning Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove ;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix

Mellifluous : the jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of Love.
That ev'n to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches : hence the glossy kind
Try ev'ry winning way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Soft'ning, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd : then again approach,
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver ev'ry feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts,
That Nature's great command may be obey'd ;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring ; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests :
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or rough'ning waste, their humble texture weave :
But most in woodland solitudes delight,

In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fixt. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent; and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break and come to light,
A helpless family! demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which, equally distributed, again

The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By Fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighb'ring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wand'ring swain the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursion, skims the level lawn
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen, flutters: pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all it's bright'ning lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes
Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes! this barb'rous art forbear!
If on your bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade.

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But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at ev'ry dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft their wings,
 Den:and the free possession of the sky.
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some ev'ning, funny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the
 woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heav'ns, and look abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see
 Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
 Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden, and their self-taught wings

Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight,
 Till vanish'd ev'ry fear, and ev'ry pow'r
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Relinquish the setting sun to Indian worlds,
 The royal eagle draws his vig'rous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat,
 For ages, of his empire, which in peace
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And arching proud his neck, with oary feet

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock
 spreads

His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in am'rous chase, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels :
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense;
 And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in ev'ry knotty trunk :
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in ev'ry nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong :
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains, flies ;

And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind;
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves: but this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal giv'n,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barb'rous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law
Impartial watch, the wonder of a world!

What is this mighty breath, ye Sages ? say,
 That, in a pow'rful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heav'n, and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, tho' conceal'd, to ev'ry purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring ! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The smiling God is seen, while water, earth,
 And air, attest his bounty, which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man.
 When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being and serene his soul,
 Can he forbear to join the gen'ral smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of Earth !
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought
 Of all his works creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And lib'ral eye sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want : nor, till invok'd,
 Can restless Goodness wait ; your active search

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heav'n, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flow'r of human race! In these green days
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,
Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the pow'r of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation still:

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! Thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st,
Thy British Tempe! There along the dale
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy
rocks,

Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round, by Nature's careless hand,
And penive listen to the various voice

Of rural peace : the herds, and flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander thro' the philosophic world,
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye ;
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive :
Or, turning thence, thy view these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd : then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love,
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungen'rous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace,
And as it pours its copious treasures forth
In varied converse, soft'ning ev'ry theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekn'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness, dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness ! which Love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Mean-time you gain the height, from whose fair
brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around,

And snatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,

And verdant fields, and dark'ning heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,

And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams,

Wide stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,

To where the broken landscape by degrees

Ascending roughens into rigid hills.

O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom

Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;

Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes

In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves

With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,

Full of the dear ecstatic pow'r, and sick

With sighing languishment. Ah! then, ye Fair!

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;

Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,

Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,

But full of guile: let not the fervent tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will; nor in the bow'r,

Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,

While Ev'ning draws her crimson curtains round,

Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love;

Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late

When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:

Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace,
 Th' enticing smile, the modest seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heav'n,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And, still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her Syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

Ev'n present, in the very lap of Love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest; a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour still,
 And great design, against the oppressive load
 Of luxury by fits impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies, and, sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd sun
 Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines, and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct, and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses ev'ry thought,
 Fills ev'ry sense, and pants in ev'ry vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely and inattentive. From his tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls; while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies

To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimm'ring shades and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quit his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear,
And sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving messenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, ev'ry line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies:
All night he tosses, nor the balmy pow'r
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,

And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft' with th' inchantress of his soul he talks,
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding flow'r-enwoven bow'rs,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths,
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapp'd, or shrinks aghast
 Back from the bending precipice, or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of Love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding ev'ry thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bow'rs of joy,
 Farewel! ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow ringing plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,

Where the whole poison'd soul malignant fits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind a-new,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins.
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds
Thro' flow'ry-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care,
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His brightest moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care
Well-merited consume his nights and days :
Let barb'rous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel,
Let Eastern tyrants from the light of heav'n
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless violated form ;
While those whom Love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind or mind-illumin'd face ?
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows, and ev'ry day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh ! speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All-various Nature pressing on the heart ;

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

2

THE ARGUMENT

SUMMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the Poem is a description of a Summer's-day. The Dawn. Sunrise. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer-insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract and rude scene. View of Summer in the Torrid Zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A Tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders thro' the gloom,
And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year;

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heav'n, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, ev'ry pow'r
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;

Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit,
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, liberty, and man ;
 O Dodington attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit ev'ry line,
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving pow'r
 Were first th' unweildy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course,
 To the kind temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round,
 Minutely faithful ; such th' all-perfect Hand
 Theat pois'd, impels, and rules, the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd.
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night,
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east ;
 To far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow,
 And from before the lustre of her face
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown Night retires ; young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk the smoking currents shine,
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp awkward ; while along the forest glade

The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life,
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves, when ev'ry Muse
And ev'ry blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the pow'ful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aflant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring
streams,

High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 The system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous
 orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life,
 How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam !

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain
 Annual along the bright ecliptic road
 In world-rejoicing state it moves sublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn, while round thy beaming car,
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours ;
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
 And soften'd into joy the furly Storms.
 These in successive turn with lavish hand

Show'r ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fragrance show'r,
Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits, till, kindling at thy
touch,

From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her lib'ral tresses, is thy force confin'd,
But to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The min'ral kinds confess thy mighty pow'r.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools ! hence burnish'd War.
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence blest mankind, and gen'rous Commerce
binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone :

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of ev'ning tinct,

The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns ;

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,

When first she gives it to the southern gale,

Than the green Em'rald shews : but, all combin'd,

Thick thro' the whit'ning Opal play thy beams,

Or, flying sev'ral from its surface, form

A trembling variance of revolving hues,

As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation from thy touch
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy, below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!
 Who, light Himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken?
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd overflowing all those lamps of Heav'n
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky;
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loos'ning reel
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was ev'ry falt'ring tongue of man,
 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a gen'ral voice;
 Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods,
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy pow'r,
 And to the quire celestial Thee resound,
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd,
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,

Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight, as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now flaming up the heav'ns the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands, till, wide unveil'd,
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clust'ring roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flow'ry bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flow'ry race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold;
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Shelt'ring, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint underneath the household fowls convene ;
And in a corner of the buzzing shade
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale, till waken'd by the wasp
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
Not mean, tho' simple ; to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From ev'ry chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads forth at once
Swarming they pour, of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand diff'rent tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly, where on the pool
They sportive wheel: or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green wood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf : luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit ev'ry flow'r
And ev'ry latent herb ; for the sweet task
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care : some to the house,
The fold and dairy, hungry, bend their flight,
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :

Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate, or welt'ring in the bowl,
With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death, where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce ;
Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around :
Near the dire cell the dreadless wand'rer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shews his front :
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
Resounds the living surface of the ground ;
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon,
Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual from these what num'rous kinds descend,
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !
Full Nature swarms with life ; one wond'rous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heav'n
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flow'ry leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel the stone

Holus multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
 Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, sooths,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heav'n, escape
 The grosser eye of man; for if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl
 He would abhorrent turn, and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of Art!
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
 Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
 As with unfault'ring accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen

The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink
 Of dreary Nothing ? Desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns.
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Pow'r
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant Sun.

Thick in yon stream of light a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
 The quiv'ring nations sport, till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Ev'n so luxurious men unheeding pass
 An idle summer-life in Fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Ev'n stooping Age is here, and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or with a fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell ;
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet haycock rises thick behind,
 In order gay ; while heard from dale to dale,

Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or, rushing thence, in one diffusive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides ; and oft the swain,
On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in :
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill, and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innum'rous press'd,
Head above head ; and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Mean-time their joyous task goes on apace ;
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
 To stamp the master's cipher, ready stand ;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes ! 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of ev'ry brighter clime,
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heav'n and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
 Soots for relief ; thence hot-ascending steams

And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slipp'ry lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharp'ning sithe; the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flow'rs perfum'd?
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants:
 The very streams look languid from afar,
 Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conqu'ring heat! oh, intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night:
 Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh-bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd and sick, tosses in noon:
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And ev'ry passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bow'ry thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
 Ye ashes wild! resounding o'er the steep;
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,

Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit,
And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompas'd he shakes, and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe
Slumbers the monarch swain, his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd,
There, list'ning ev'ry noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Thro' all the bright severity of noon,
While from their lab'ring breasts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season, too, the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood

Springs the high fence, and o'er the field effus'd
 Darts on the gloomy flood with stedfast eye,
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his
 thirst;

He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
 And with wide nostrils snorting skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At ev'ry step
 Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful list'ning gloom around.
 These are the haunts of meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
 Ecstatic felt, and from this world retir'd
 Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers and repeated dreams
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare;
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His Muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
 And numberless such offices of love
 Daily and nightly zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,

A voice than human more th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 "Poor kindred Man! thy fellow creatures, we
 "From the same Parent-pow'r our beings drew,
 "The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 "Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life
 "Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 "This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 "Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 "Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 "Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 "By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
 "Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 "Here frequent at the visionary hour,
 "When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,
 "Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 "And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 "The deep'ning dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
 "A privilege bestow'd by us alone
 "On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 "Of poet swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley*! of that sacred band?
 Alas! for us too soon, tho' rais'd above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy, yet with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe,
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene;
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd, where moral Wisdom mildly shone
 Without the toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd

* A young lady well known to the Author, who died
 at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

In all her smiles, without forbidding Pride.
But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears,
Or rather to parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this op'ning bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse; the wintry blast of death
Kills, not the buds of virtue : no, they spread
Beneath the heav'nly beam of brighter suns
Thro' endless ages into higher pow'rs.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
Of a near fall of water ev'ry sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
back

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless show'r.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aflant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars

With upward pinions thro' the flood of day,
 And giving full his bosom to the blaze
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bow'r to bow'r,
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest comes
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes, and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss lin'd, and over head
 By flow'ring umbrage shaded, where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
 Now come, bold Fancy ! spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone ;
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight, and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but, kind, before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the Morn,
 The gen'ral breeze *, to mitigate his fire,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from
 the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and

And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barb'rous wealth, that see each circling year
 Returning suns and double seasons pass*;
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays;
 Majestic woods, of ev'ry vig'rous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless, deep, immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat, and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heav'n
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom; here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange glowing thro' the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,

south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarified air on
 that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the
 sun from east to west.

* In all climates between the tropics the sun, as he
 passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year
 vertical, which produces this effect.

Quench my hot limbs, or lead me thro' the maze,
 Embow'ring endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmettos lift their graceful shade;
 Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its fresh'ning wine;
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor on its slender twigs,
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp:
 Witness, thou best Anâna! thou, the pride
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the Golden Age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and show'rs, with sudden hand,
 Exuberant spring: for oft these vallies shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,

Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas,
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts; behold! in plaited mail
Behemoth * rears his head. Glanc'd from his side
The darted steel in idle shivers flies;
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,
Where as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In wid'ning circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wond'ring gaze.

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shades o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of black'ning woods,
High-raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd.
Tho' powerful not destructive! here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall, regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project; thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,
Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds; for Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine*,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Pilomel is ours; while in our shades,
Thro' the soft silence of the list'ning night,
The sober-suited songstrefs thrills her lay.

But come, my Muse! the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky,
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social Commerce com'st to rob their wealth:
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heav'n,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flow'rs,
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave:
There on the breezy summit spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise,
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields,
And fountains gush, and careless herds and flocks
Securely fray, a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault ; there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance ; there, at distance, hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold ;
And o'er the varied landscape restless rove,
Fervent with life of ev'ry fairer kind ;
A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the scene ! in blazing height of noon
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom,
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd ;
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarify'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Mean-time amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge ; whence with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs in Gojam's sunny realm
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream :
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks,
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds, in progressive majesty, along :
Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand, till glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thund'ring steep to steep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
Fall on Coromandel's coast or Malabar,
From Menam's * orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy snow'r ;
All at this bounteous season ope their urns,
And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus ! drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque

* The river that runs through Siam, on whose banks
a vast multitude of those insects called *fire-flies* make a
beautiful appearance in the night.

Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana *. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata, to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity, they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem, in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe
In their soft bosom many a happy isle,
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe,
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their pow'rful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? What the cool
draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,

* The river of the Amazons.

Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what?
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her od'rous woods, and shining iv'ry stores?
Ill-fated race! the soft'ning arts of peace;
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive Truth; the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent pow'rs
Command the world; the Light that leads to
Heav'n;

Kind equal rule, the government of Laws,
And all-projecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize,
And with oppressive ray the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue
And feature gross; or, worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there;
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet Humanity; these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train

In orbs immense ; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd
He throws his folds : and, while with threat'ning
tongue,

And deathful jaws, erect the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shiv'ring flies, or check'd, at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
'This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tyger, darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.
These rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
Innum'rous glare around their shaggy king ;
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand,
And with imperious and repeated roars
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull in rural ease
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts,
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,

Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again ;
While uproar all, the wilderneck's resounds
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds :
At evening to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up
And his continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome
And guilty Cæsar Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And, fawning take, the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glitt'ring waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, ev'n the camel feels
Shot thro' his wither'd heart the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,

Commov'd around, in gath'ring eddies play;
 Nearer and nearer still they dark'ning come,
 Till with the gen'ral all-involving storm
 Swept up the whole continuous wilds arise,
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wond'ring, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose ev'ry flexile wave
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon*, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heav'ns,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
 Of no regard save to the skilful eye:
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
 A flatt'ring gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail: then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow; by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms
 or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the *ox-eye*, being in appearance at
 first no bigger.

Hid in the bosom of the black abyfs.
 With such mad seas the daring Gama * fought
 For many a day and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold : for then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of Trade ; the Genius then
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince †, who, heav'n-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold ! he, rushing, cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
 And from the partners of that cruel trade
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when straight their mangled
 limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by
 the Cape of Good Hope to the East-Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John I. king of Portugal.
 His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was
 the chief source of all the modern improvements in na-
 vigation.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire pow'r of pestilent disease.
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe
 And feeble desolation casting down
 The tow'ring hopes and all the pride of man ;
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon ! saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quiv'ring, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves
 The frequent corse, while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies
 Where frequent, o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends ? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods *,
 From stified Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject

This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape ; man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemp'rate man ! and o'er his guilty domes
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom then
 Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice ineffectual drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world :
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ;
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
 The chearful haunt of men ; unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house where matchless horror
 reigns,

Shut up by barb'rous fear, the smitten wretch
 With frenzy wild breaks loose, and loud to heav'n
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society.
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care ; the circling sky,
 The wide enliv'ning air, is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing, while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unfung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year ;
Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough : return, my vagrant Muse !
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold ! slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
Where sleep the min'ral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A redd'ning gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the mutt'ring earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone to the lowest vale the aërial tribes
Descend ; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heav'ns
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis list'ning fear, and dumb amazement all;
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve and more
 The noise astounds; till over-head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth!

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood: and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro'
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke above, the smould'ring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tow'r and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush

Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur, heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowdon's peak
 Dissolving, instant yields his wint'ry load.
 Far-seen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulé bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone;
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd; but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self,
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd pow'r
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled: till in evil hour
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While with each other blest'd creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye

Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love and confidence
In Heav'n repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
"And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
"That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
"Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heav'n! that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heav'n the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' th' enlighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm
Diffusive tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glitt'ring robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and num'rous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of pow'rs exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands,
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge, and thro' the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path,
While from his polish'd sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the bright'ning flood,
Would I weak-shiv'ring linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs:
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse murm'ring fell, and plaintive breeze that
play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay to try her heart,
And, if an infant passion struggl'd there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine;
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd,
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutt'ring, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire;
But Love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue say,
Say, ye severest; what would you have done?
Mean-time this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,

To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou, as from the snowy leg
And slender foot th' inverted silk she drew:
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone,
And thro' the parting robe th' alternate breast,
With youth wild throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desp'rate youth!
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd,
And ev'ry beauty soft'ning, ev'ry grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild,
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd, and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd at last
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if ought profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling, from the shade

With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair!
 "Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
 "Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 "To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 "And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood;
 So stands the statue* that enchants the world;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd:
 But when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame, void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted; even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty, stole across
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul,
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
 "Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 "By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
 "Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now,
 "Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

* The Venus of Medici.

The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre, that with various ray
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 heav'n,

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with rip'ning fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul,
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores; superior light;
And in whose breast enthusiastic burns
Virtue, the sons of int'rest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of Love approving hears, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?

Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene * ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the sister hills † that skirt her plain ;
 To lofty Harrow now ; and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows :
 There let the feasted eye unweary'd stray ;
 Luxurious there rove thro' the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensh'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twit'nam bow'rs, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God ‡ ; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrac'd height and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose :
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon
Shining or Splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

‡ In his last sickness.

O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
 On which the pow'r of cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,

And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy vallies float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
 Bellow the black'ning herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On ev'ry hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unweary'd in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
 And trade and Joy in ev'ry busy street
 Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and, loos'ning ev'ry sheet,
 Relinquishes the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy gen'rous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,

Scattering the nations where they go, and first
Or on the lifted plain or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside:
In genius and substantial learning high:

For ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the must'ring thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her Genius still. In statesmen, thou,
And patriots fertile. Thine a steady More.
Who with a gen'rous tho' mistaken zeal
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine!
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high. But who can speak
The num'rous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their ev'ry glory mix'd;
Raleigh! the scourge of Spain; whose breast withall
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd:
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,

To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass.
 The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul;
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
 To slav'ry prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright at his call thy age of men effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring ev'ry sweetest flow'r, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
 Aiming at lawless pow'r, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friends, the British Cassius* fearless bled;
 Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,

* Algernon Sidney.

And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts
 With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade,
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words, and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heav'n! that slow-ascending skill,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heav'n again.
 The gen'rous Ashley* thine, the friend of man,
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works
 The great Creator sought? and why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast!
 Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme,

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heav'n sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften as thy Daughters I,
 Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance and taste; the fruitless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And ev'ry nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land

In bright patrol; white Peace and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
The first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds,
Assembled gay, and richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bow'rs
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formal brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank.
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile
Upon his scoundrel train what might have cheer'd

A drooping family of modest worth :
 But to the gen'rous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
 'To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether soft'ning, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air,
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn,
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn as swells the breeze,
 A whit'ning show'r of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains ; thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-he ried, and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves ; by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk and unfrequented, where
 At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry to pass

The summer night, as village-stories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tow'r
Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes on ev'ry hedge
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinckles. Ev'ning yields
The world to Night, not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While waving woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heav'n
Thence weary Vision turns, where leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart
In wond'rous shapes, by fearful murm'ring crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,

With awful train projected o'er the heav'ns,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
 The gloricus stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their pow'rs exult,
 That wond'rous force of thought which mounting
 spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
 From his huge vap'ry train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the num'rous orbs
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy! with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon, and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd pow'rs, enlarged by thee,
 She springs aloft with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the flutt'ring croud, and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,

To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd;
 The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects, to Him,
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heav'n and earth,
 And ev'ry beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages, and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die; the treasure of mankind!
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A savage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
 In quest of prey, and with th' unfashion'd fur
 Rough-clad, devoid of ev'ry finer art
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heav'n-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole:
 Mother severe of infinite delights;
 Nothing save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace,
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all,
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs

The ruling helm ; or like the lib'ral breath
Of potent Heav'n, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range, intent to gaze
Creation thro', and from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the word,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye, and instant at her pow'rful glance
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of Spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep :
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd !
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
Well-pleas'd I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name
To grace, inspire, and dignify, her song,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
Tho' weak of pow'r, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft taro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm, while broad and brown below
• Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand: for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
The clouds fly diff'rent, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along:
A gaily-chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough Pow'r!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of ev'ry gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life.
Raiser of human-kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic pow'rs; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd

With beasts of prey, or, for his acorn-meal,
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shiv'ring wretch !
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost ;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season fordid pin'd away :
For home he had not ; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along ;
A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth ;
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic pow'rs,
To dig the min'ral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
Taught him to chip the wood and hue the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The gen'rous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent Wit :
Nor stopp'd at barren bare Necessity ;
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;

And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gath'ring men their natural pow'rs combin'd,

And form'd a public, to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force, Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm, yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence ev'ry form of cultivated life
In order set, protected and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew num'rous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art, the City rear'd
In beauteous pride her tow'r-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majestic king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts,
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk

Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular to harmony ; around
The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with
oak,

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glitt'ring stores : the canyas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embody'd rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along :
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring :
Without him Summer were an arid waite ;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wand'ring song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,

And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf with charitable stealth
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you,
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
 While these unhappy partners' of your kind
 Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth;
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of ev'ry stay save Innocence and Heav'n,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which Virtue sunk to poverty would meet
 From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,

Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia! till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the gen'rous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.

That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

“What pity! that so delicate a form,
 “By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense
 “And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 “Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 “Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 “Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 “From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 “Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 “And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 “'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 “Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “His aged widow and his daughter live,
 “Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto! who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame avow'd and bold,
 And as he view'd her ardent o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?
 " She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain ? O Heav'ns ! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend ;
 " Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, 'ah ! where,
 " In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted Heav'n ?
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years !
 " O let me now into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and show'rs
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 " Ill it befits thee, oh ! it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair ! are thine,
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee ! "

Here ceas'd the youth ; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her ev'ning hours;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
The trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn:
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root the scooping forest pours
A rustling show'r of yet untimely leaves;
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in
From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale,
Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste; and sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens, till the fields around

Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
 Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim;
 Red from the hills innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift, before whose rushing tide
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shiv'ring thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
 And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast thund'ring, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game*;
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey,
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful ev'ry way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions, and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing
 Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind,

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
 Then most delighted when the social sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her
 This falsely-cheerful barb'rous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes impatient with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light
 As ham'd. Not so the ready tyrant Man,
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of pow'r,
 Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days,
 Upbraid, ye rav'ning tribes ! our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd, the russey fen, the ragged furze
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chapp'd,

The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow-ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook :
 Vain is her best precaution, tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen op'nings, far behind,
 With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm :
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of Game is up at once :
 The pack full op'ning various ; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy !

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the less'ning murd'rous cry behind :
 Deception short ! tho', fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the North,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood :
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth

Expel him, circling thro' his ev'ry shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft, and, sobbing, sees
 The glades mild op'ning to the golden day,
 Where in kind contest with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd: the watchful herd alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once-so-vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair;
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
 Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace, behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf! On him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
 Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.

Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High-bound resistless ; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct fall ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,
Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game ;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,
Has ev'ry maze evolv'd, and ev'ry guile
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn. O, glorious he beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd : the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof, and spread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side, in which, with desp'rate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour ; or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,

If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams lib'ral round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms;
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years: and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
 Walks his dull round beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon; while romp-loving mis
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last, these puling idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent and full the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
 For serious drinking, Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch.
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest brimming bowls
 Lave ev'ry soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot:
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes intricate perplex'd.
 Mean-time with sudden interruption loud
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;

That moment touch'd is ev'ry kindred soul,
And, op'ning in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round ;
While from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the musty sky ;
Then sliding soft they drop. Confus'd above
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide below
Is heap'd the social slaughter ; where astride
The lubber Pow'r in filthy triumph sits
Slumb'rous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyfs of drink !
Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock
Retiring full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them !
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;

With ev'ry motion, ev'ry word to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation soft
 To their protection more engaging man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight
 Save weeping lovers see! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its ev'ry charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste,
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With ev'ry gentle care-eluding art
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains! now hasten to the hazel bank,
 Where down yon dale the wildy-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins! come: for you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clust'ring nuts for you

The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy show'r, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair ;
Melinda ! form'd with ev'ry grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error let us tread the maze
Of Autumn unconfined, and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard, big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innum'rous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips ! Pomona's bard ; the second thou
Who nobly durst in rhyme-unfetter'd verse
With British freedom sing the British song ;
How from Silurian vats high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer

The wint'ry revels of the lab'ring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekn'd day,
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of Dodington! thy seat, serene and plain,
Where simple Nature reigns, and ev'ry view
Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day,
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat,
Where in the secret bow'r and winding walk
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wand'ring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence
Warm from the heart to learn the moral song.
Here as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn bulks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy-fragrant nectarine, and dark
Beneath his ample leaf the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vig'rous foils, and climes of fair extent,
Where by the potent sun elated high

The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs; the clusters clear
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy;
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy, and quick
As is the wit it gives the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gath'ring vapour from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave:

Ev'n in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray,
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and wilder'd o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic ; till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the gen'ral fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light uncollected thro' the Chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the num'rous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, ev'ry way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise,
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along :
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
But to the mountain, courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glitt'ring hill

Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream. Why should the waters love
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed;
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountains rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
 Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean, too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watry times again.

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading genius! given to Man
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view;
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartars sullen bounds!
 Give op'ning Hemus to my searching eye;
 And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!
 O from the sounding summits of the North,
 The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the Frozen Main;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those

Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs
 Believes the *stony girdle** of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains wrapp'd in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
 O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his foundling base,
 Bids Atlas, propping Heav'n, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The many caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyflinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon!†
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The fouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing fcene! Behold! the glooms difclofe!
 I fee the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep, I hear them lab'ring to get free!
 I fee the fanning Krata, artful ranged,
 The gaping fillures to receive the rains,
 The melting fnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strow'd hibulous above I fee the fands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy running clefts,
 That while the ftealing moifture they tranfmit,
 Retard its motion and forbid its wafte.
 Beneath th' inceffant weeping of thefe drains
 I fee the rocky fiphons ftretch'd immense,

* The Mufcovites call the Riphean mountains *Veliki Camenysy*; that is, *The great ftony girdle*, becaufe they fuppofe them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa that furround almost all Monofactaps.

The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious formed.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And welling out around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills
 In pure effusion flow. United thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours, in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair divided earth
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing glooms,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd play
 The swallow-people, and, toss'd wide around
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats :
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back ; for thronging now
 Innum'rous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky :

And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean in vast whirls
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides,
 Who can recount what transfigurations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise!
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks
 Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore, or treasures up
 The plumage rising full to form the bed
 Of Luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
 High hov'ring o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia in romantic view;
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forest huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,

With, sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak;
 Nurse of a people in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up by hardy deeds, soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a gen'rous undiminish'd state;
 Too much, in vain; hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er ev'ry land, for ev'ry land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil;
 As from their own clear North in radiant streams
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot in whose pow'r
 That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry, to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe
 To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn, with vent'rous oar
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on
 Shamefully passive; while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glist'ring finny swarms
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
 How all-exulting Trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosp'rous sail from ev'ry growing port,

Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name,
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle!
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast;
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace, combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulph'rous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace enwreaths thy brow;
 For, pow'rful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes! too, whom ev'ry worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind;
 Thee, truly gen'rous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowd'd umbrage, dusk and dun,
 Of ev'ry hue, from wan-declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current; while illumin'd wide

The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degen'rate croud,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace,
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shiv'ring sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought, save chatt'ring discord, in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, flutt'ring on the ground!

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 Oft startling such as studious walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air:
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
 Till, choak'd and matted with the dreary show'r,

The forest-walks, at ev'ry rising gale
 Roll wide the wither'd waste and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flow'ry race
 Their sunny robes resign: ev'n what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in ev'ry breeze the Pow'r
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare,
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
 Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
 Infuses ev'ry tenderness, and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought,
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment ;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish
 To make them bless'd; the sigh for suff'ring worth
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh! bear me, then, to vast embow'ring shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms,
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Pow'rs,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which, shining thro' the cheerful land
In countless numbers bless'd, Britannia's sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe! *
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art, that in the strife
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that temple † where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will from thy standard-taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-gardens.

Shall draw the Tragic scene, instruct her thou!
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What ev'ry decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate; charms, persuades, exalts;
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
 When keen once more within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitions slaves,
 The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour and thy vet'ran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day,
 And humid Ev'ning, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress to the ground condens'd,
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon,
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
 A smaller earth gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quiv'ring gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heav'n,
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
Oft in this season silent from the North
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heav'n, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look contagious thro' the croud
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws ; armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire,
Till the long lines of full extended war,
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heav'n.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din
Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame ;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and ev'ry great distress ;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self

Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the Night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast are heav'n and earth.
Order confounded lies, all beauty void,
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair pow'r
Of Light to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark;
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge,
Nor visited by one directive ray
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
The wildfire scatters round; or, gather'd, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
Whither, decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph;
While still from day to day his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
Innoxious gleaming on the horse's mane
The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dang'rous ford.

The lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
Serene in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog,
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,
And hung on ev'ry spray, on ev'ry blade
Of grass, the myriad dewdrops twinkle round.

Ah! see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at Ev'ning snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing Night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
'The happy people in their waxen cells
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance for Winter poor, rejoic'd
To mark full flowing round their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flow'r to flow'r? for this you toil'd,
Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When, oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow, and in just return
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo! was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and, convulsive, hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd.
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence ev'ry harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heav'n and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd;
 While loose to festive joy the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her ev'ry charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles and the wrestler twines.
 Age, too, shines out, and garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That with to-morrow's fun their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,

Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life,
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death ! What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens they spring,
When heav'n descends in show'rs, or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast beneath the shade ;
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.

Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unfully'd Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever-blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state;
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flow'ry solitudes
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;

Admiring sees her in her ev'ry shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these
Perhaps has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates, writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vig'rous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy his heart distends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams,
Deep-musing, then he best exerts his song.
Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,

And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heav'n; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust blooming thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,
The vary'd scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift:
These ever open to my ravish'd eye,
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal, if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades
Inglorious lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song,
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows. A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appennines. A winter evening described as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

SEE! Winter comes to rule the vary'd year ;
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my
theme,

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heav'nly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim ev'ning sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise,

Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds,
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive ;
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
 Amid a sliding age ; and, burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal ;
 A steady spirit, regularly free :
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heav'n, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays in horizontal lines
 Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean-time in sable cincture shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
 And all the vap'ry turbulence of heav'n,

Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature's deciding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop, and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
Untended, spreading crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm,
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in list'ning Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapp'd in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood; yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deep'ning into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heav'n
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feather'd people croud;
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enliv'ning blaze, and, taleful, there
Recounts his simple frolic; much he talks,

And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along ;
Refistless; roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and founding far ;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gath'ring triple force, rapid and deep
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sing.
Ye, too, ye Winds ! that now begin to blow
With boist'rous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye pow'rful Beings ! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd red-fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey ; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whit'ning blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils, to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train
Of clam'rous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bow'r, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotions heaves, while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice
That, solemn-sounding, bids the world prepare;
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters; now th' inflated wave
 Straining the scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thund'ring o'er their head:
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heav'n they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 Not less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Swoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and flies
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
 And on the cottage thatch'd or lordly roof,
 Keen-fasting, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep-frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Then, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death!
 Huge Up roar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky.

All Nature reels, till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sick'ning thought! and yet, deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions pass'd,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise; and, fuming dun,
From all the livid East or piercing North
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vap'ry deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whit'ning show'r descends,
At first thin wav'ring, till at last the flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint, from the West, emits his ev'ning ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the lab'rer-ox,
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heav'n,
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shiv'ring mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the glitt'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds ! to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict ; for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighb'ring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feign'd
His tufty cottage, rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest'd abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And ev'ry tempest, howling, o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire descent ! beyond the pow'r of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land unknown,
 What water, of the still-unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain ;
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame ! how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man !
 How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use

Of their own limbs ! how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery ! sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless Poverty ! how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse !
 Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep-retir'd distress ! how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish ! Thought, fond Man !
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in its high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the gen'rous band *,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where Mis'ry moans,
 Where Sicknefs pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice ;
 While in the land of Liberty, the land
 Whose ev'ry street and public meeting glow

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barb'rous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of Mercy! yet resume the search,
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
 And ev'ry man within the reach of right!

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
 And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murd'ring savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The gen'rous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gath'ring terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thund'ring down they come,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume, and, deep-musing, hail

The sacred shades that slowly rising pass
 Before my wond'ring eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death.
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind!
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted Chief *, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front,
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflatt'ring voice
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's † fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of ev'ry worth and ev'ry splendid art;
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair *;
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm:
 But, when beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The gen'rous victim to that vain attempt
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
 Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train;
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-ling'ring Liberty in Greece:
 And he, her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm a simple swain,
 Or, bold and skilful, thund'ring in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father * who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And warm in youth to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose pow'rful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome,
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend,
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heav'n?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 Behold who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun;
 'Tis Phoebus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and, equal by his side,
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind, society divine !

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence ! thou lonely pow'r, the door be thine ;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart :
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !
Ah, why, dear youth ! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasure'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?
Ah ! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless
 frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' Eternal Mind,
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would gradual open on our opening minds;
 And each diffusing harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral world,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In gen'ral good. The sage Historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time;
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nation smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies;
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heav'n, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
 Then, even superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes

Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking ev'ry nerve.

Mean-time the village rouses up the fire,
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all;
Or frequent in the sounding hall they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes,
Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and, warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false-enchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evol'd a thousand sprightly ways.
The glitt'ring court effuses ev'ry pomp:

The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves ;
 While a gay insect in his summer shine,
 The fop, light-flutt'ring, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks :
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek ; or else the Comic Muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in gen'rous Bevil * shew'd.

O thou ! whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot virtues and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing diguity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life ; permit the rural Muse,
 O Chesterfield ! to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition in thy train
 (For ev'ry Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind ;
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted pow'r ;
 That elegant politeness which excels,
 Ev'n in the judgement of presumptuous France,

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by
 Sir Richard Steele.

The boasted manners of her shining court ;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects :
Or, rising thence, with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the list'ning senate ardent croud
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then, dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears ;
Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And ev'n reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious pow'r, as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound, and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold the joyous Winter-days
Frosty succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crouds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent ; feeds and animates our blood ;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the Soul intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,

And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire ; and, luculent, along
 The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost ? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Pow'r !
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bick'ring stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more, but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heav'n
 Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and, hard, reflects
 A double noise, while, at his ev'ning watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The heiter lows ; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and all one cope
 Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls

Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent Night :
 Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
 And, by the frost refin'd, the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slipp'ry surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While ev'ry work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where, mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Laines the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From ev'ry province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep
 On sounding skates a thousand diff'rent ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds
 Their vig'rous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-rebounding course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly strife with highly blooming charms,

Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day,
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun
Broad o'er the south hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that, in the waving gleam,
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields,
And adding to the ruin of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone,
Where for relentless months continual Night
Holds o'er the glitt'ring waste the starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast
Their icy horrors to the Frozen Main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;

* The old name for China.

Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables of glossy black ; and, dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumb'ring, fullen, in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with pond'rous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and, piteous, bray,
 He lays them quiv'ring on th' ensanguin'd snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There, thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
 That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain,
 A boist'rous race, by frosty Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind, in polish'd slav'ry sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde †, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless running o'er th' enfeebled South,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

* The North-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

Not such the sons of Lapland; wisely they
 Despise th' immense barb'rous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives;
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms:
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage.
 Their rein-deer form their riches: these their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield, to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze, refracted o'er the heav'ns,
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 Ev'n in the depth of Polar night they find
 A wond'rous day; enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
 Wish'd Spring returns, and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve,
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
 And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
 In that glad season from the lakes and floods
 Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and moun-

And, fring'd with roses, Tenglio * rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these at eve
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where all day long, in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious pow'r;
 In whom fell Int'rest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still, pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla, flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky †.
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
 And, thro' his airy hall, the loud misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath,

tain of Niemi in Lapland, says—"From this height we
 "had opportunity several times to see those vapours
 "rise from the lake which the people of the country call
 "Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spi-
 "rits of the mountains. We had been frighted with
 "stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none.
 "It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii
 "than bears."

* The same author observes—"I was surprised to
 "see, upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses
 "of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

† The other hemisphere.

Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
Where, undissolving from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows, amazing, to the sky,
And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shiv'ring sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more! a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of ev'ry life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they,
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun!
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night incumbent o'er their heads
Falls horrible; such was the Briton's † fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Q. Elizabeth to
discover the North-east passage.

And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And half enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants;
 Here human nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
 Doze the gross race; nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
 New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these
 shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
 By Heav'n inspir'd, from Gothic darkness called.
 Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And, while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then

A mighty shadow of unreal pow'r !
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
 And roaming ev'ry land, in ev'ry port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes;
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North,
 And aving there stern Otman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade;
 For what is wisdom plann'd, and pow'r enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.
 Mutt'ring, the winds at eye, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow blust'ring from the South. Subdu'd
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine, loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North;

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
 And hark! the lengthning roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembl'd mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main!
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold! fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life. Pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene! Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? Those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,

Immortal, never-failing, friend of man,

His guide to happiness on high. And see!

'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth

Of heav'n and earth! awak'ning Nature hears

The new-creating Word, and starts to life,

In ev'ry be-ghiten'd form, from pain and death

For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

Involving all, and, in a perfect whole

Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,

To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace:

Ye vainly Wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,

Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r

And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause

Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,

And dy'd neglected; why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul;

Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd

In starving solitude, while Luxury

In palaces lay straining her low thought

To form unreal wants; why heav'n-born Truth,

And Moderation fair, wore the red marks

Of Superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,

That cruel spoiler, that imbosom'd foe,

Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye Good distress'd!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand

Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,

And what your bounded view, which only saw

A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:

The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,

And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep-noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou; with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with' Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceived, so soft'ning into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;

Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join ev'ry living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms !
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ! and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye vallies raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And His *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and, when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The list'ning shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all ;
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows the Summer-ray
Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From *seeming evil* still *educing good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

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